

NORFOLK
HOUSE
SCHOOL



REVIEW
1946



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Our School

EDITORIAL

We feel that we are fortunate in being the editors of the first number of the Norfolk House School Review to be published in peace-time. When the Review was printed last year, we were still in the midst of rejoicing over the victory in Europe; and we felt that with such a great and nobly-won deliverance from the horrors of war in that theatre, we could continue with redoubled efforts, the war in the Pacific. Then, in the middle of August came the unexpected collapse of Japan and, our thankfulness knew no bounds. It was difficult at first to realize that the war was really at an end, so accustomed had we become to the grim headlines in the daily newspapers, and the belief that fighting would continue for many months to come; it seemed almost impossible that the end could come so unexpectedly, and so short a time after V.E. Day. Very soon we found that everyday life was developing a new tune — friends from overseas were returning home, war-brides from England were awaited by their new families, and all of us were confident that by degrees, we should see many of the amenities of life that had disappeared during the war. In the meantime we have still to face the problems of reconstruction, rehabilitation, and the maintenance of friendly relationships between nations. Let us hope that when we leave school, we shall be able to do our part in helping others who have been less fortunate than ourselves in the past years.

In Memoriam

HELEN RIACH

The news of the sudden death of Miss Riach in Vancouver on the last day of the Christmas Holidays came as a great blow to us all, and saddened the opening days of the new term.

Miss Riach had been connected with the school since 1922, and though she gave up teaching owing to a severe illness, in 1938, she still remained with us in the House, and retained the keenest interest in all our doings. Indeed in her death the school has lost a much-loved and devoted friend. For Miss Riach was everybody's friend, and we shall long cherish the memory of the unfailing interest in all our doings — her ever-ready sympathy in our failures and misfortunes, her delight in our joys and successes, and her enthusiastic encouragement in a new venture. The tribute paid to her by the Old Girls' Association is an expression of the regard and affection which they felt for her. Many of them are grateful that they came under her care and influence during those formative years of a schoolgirl's life, and by them as well as by her former colleagues. Miss Riach and all that she did for them and for the school will be remembered with love and gratitude.

MEMORIES OF V-J DAY

Why were all the airmen shouting and waving abroad the flag-decked R.C.A.F. launch?

It was because Japan had surrendered and after six years of warfare the long-awaited day had arrived and there was once more Peace in the world.

A few minutes earlier the air-raid sirens had wailed across the countryside from Patricia Bay, but everybody knew that this time it was the signal of Peace and not Destruction.

Now more boats appeared with people firing off rockets in broad daylight, and the air was filled with the sound of planes roaring back to their base, where the great news would be celebrated.

● ●

When the sirens were heard in town, everyone started to blow horns and whistles. Soon the streets were filled with cars decorated with flags and streamers of different colours, tooting and honking their way through the crowded traffic. Then there was a parade of men and women of the different services, and in the evening people were dancing in the streets, everywhere noise and great rejoicing.

● ●

It was about seven o'clock in the evening of August 14th when a mixture of weird sounds burst forth to shatter the stillness. In the distance could be seen two or three boats following the shore-line, then shouts were heard, and other boats put out to join the group. As soon as the procession was close enough, I could hear people calling "Come out, everyone!", and everyone went.

The Procession grew larger and larger, and the noise which turned out to be the banging of pots and pans together, grew louder and louder. Every kind of boat imaginable joined in the procession, canoes, dinghies, motorboats and so on. The procession went to a little island where the people disembarked and built a fire; then they sat around it roasting weiners and marshmallows and singing.

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MEMORIES - cont

This little island has been used by picnickers for years. All of us, I am sure, remember Jean Mayhew when she was here at school. Her brother, Alan, and a great friend of his, Kenneth Scharff, used to enjoy picnicking on the island when they were boys. Alan and Ken were both killed while serving overseas in the R.C.A.F.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Mayhew and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Scharff bought the island, so that it might always be kept in memory of their sons as a picnicking ground for boys and girls, just as their sons would have wished. It has since become known as Memory Island, and I think it was a significant place at which to celebrate the coming of peace.

• •

We sat on the verandah overlooking the lake and heard the Prime Minister announce that the war was at an end. It was hard to realize all that that implied—the silence of the guns, the end of the air-raids, the release of the prisoners, the return of the troops, the re-uniting of families. We thought of all who had paid for the peace, and joined in the Service of Thanksgiving which was broadcast from London. It was a solemn hour. As we walked later down the quiet country road, there was a wonderful stillness, calm and serene. Peace itself was brooding over the valley.



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Walsingham House Captain.



Patricia Lloyd: Prefect.
Wymondham House Captain.



Diana Arnison: Prefect.
Caister House Captain.



Joyce Buchanan: Prefect.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

On the last day of the Christmas Term the Sixth Form gave a party in the gymnasium for the school. The girls were divided into teams for the different games, which consisted of a treasure hunt, bingo and various others. At the end the members of the winning team each received a prize. We should like to thank Rosemary Bridgman, without whose assistance we feel the party could hardly have been a success.

THE YOUTH RALLY

On Wednesday, the fifteenth of May, at Victoria High School Auditorium, forms five and six attended the Empire Youth Rally Service.

The gathering was addressed by His Honour W. C. Woodward, the Lieutenant-Governor. In his speech he stressed the fact that the Youth Movement is one of the most important things in the World today and our future responsibilities are very great.

Addresses on Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Religion, Freedom from Want and Freedom from Fear were made by students representing various schools throughout Victoria.

The theme of the Rally showed the important part that the youth of today are to play in the World of tomorrow. The task is a difficult one and the responsibilities are great if we are to uphold our democratic principles.

"MULBERRY"

After we had been to the Youth Rally on May 15th we went on to see the "Mulberry" Exhibit, which had been sent to Canada by the British Government and which, thanks to the Hudson's Bay Company, had already been shown in other cities across Canada, and was now being shown in the Armouries.

We had heard of course of "Operation Mulberry" and had

known rather vaguely that it was connected with the putting up of a pre-fabricated harbour off the coast of France during the war. As we watched the film "A Harbour Came To France" and saw the photographs and models of the floating bridges and landing-stages, and all that went to make the harbour complete we began to realize the vastness of the project.

In the centre of the room was the original model of the harbour, made soon after the Quebec Conference at which it was decided that the project would be undertaken. The model, correct to the smallest detail showed the portion of the French coastline concerned with the operation, and even the houses of the village of Attomanches.

In separate sections we saw the different parts of the floating harbour carefully named for the benefit of the onlookers, and though the details of each piece of mechanism were far too intricate to be understood by us, the main ideas were quite clear.

One of the amazing feats, to our minds, was the floating bridge which moved with the tide so that lorries passing over the bridge had always a level roadway. Due to some mechanical device the model of the bridge was made to rock and sway as though it were in a real storm. This made it possible for us to see how it worked.

Next day as we listened to the B.B.C. programme we learnt of some of the difficulties encountered and overcome while the plan was being carried out. Having seen the exhibit, we were better able to appreciate this programme, and we were left with an impression of overwhelming courage, determination and patience which will forever be an inspiration.

Shirley Third.
Upper V.

DRILL COMPETITION

After much panic-stricken practising at break we had our House Drill Competition which was judged by Miss Tucker. The seniors and intermediates did their separate drill tables which were followed by the whole House marching and a pyramid. The results were, Caister first, Wymondham second, and Walsingham third.

The senior and junior Individual Drill Competitions were held a few days later and were won by Terry Castle and Carol Pauline respectively.

BASKETBALL

In the Easter Term, we were invited by St. Margaret's School to take part in a basketball Round Robin, held in the Memorial Hall on the twenty-third of February.

The following schools were included:—St. Margaret's; York House and Crofton House, both from Vancouver; and Norfolk House.

In less than two months a team was whipped up by Miss Tucker, who proved to be an excellent coach. In the three practise games that we played with other schools prior to the Round Robin our team achieved but one victory; nevertheless, although we did not emerge with flying colours, the Round Robin was unanimously hailed as a most enjoyable and worthwhile enterprise, and we hope that our schools will be able to join up for some more games next year.

The results of the games were:—

1st	St. Margaret's
2nd	Crofton House
3rd	York House
4th	Norfolk House

N. H. S. BASKETBALL TEAM

Shooting Centre	T. Castle	Guard	M. Jones
Jumping Centre	J. Collar	Shooter	E. Ridewood
Guard	D. Lee	Shooter	P. Braide



HOCKEY

Last September we were glad to welcome Miss Rosemary Bridgman as our hockey mistress, and we are grateful for her persistent instruction and encouragement. Though our First XI had little success in any of its games through-out the year, there was much enthusiasm and a great deal of practice among the girls. The matches which the Victoria College First XI were kind enough to give us, were valuable experience and we hope that others will be arranged next year. Amongst the Middle and Lower schools great keenness and ability were shown which bodes well for future years.

We congratulate Queen Margaret's School on again winning the Bridgman Cup, which was competed for by seven teams on March the twenty-third. It was unfortunate that the Norfolk House First XI were unable to put up as good a game as they had hoped; but owing to various misfortunes three members of the team, including the Captain were prevented from playing. However, thanks to the efforts of the entire team all the games were very close and everyone enjoyed the day immensely.

If enthusiasm runs as high at the **beginning** of next year as it did during the frantic weeks of practising before the Bridgman Cup, the results may be more satisfactory.

THE TEAM

R. Wing	Elizabeth Ridewood	C. Forward	Terry Castle
R. Half	Meg Jones	L. Back	Louanne Glatz
R. Inner	Julie Collar	L. Inner	Nancy Grant
R. Back	Nita Anderson	L. Half	Joyce Buchanan
C. Half	Diana Lee	L. Wing	Carol Pauline
		Goal	Rose Plant
Substitutes		Elizabeth Mackenzie	
		Annette Cabeldu	
		Sheila Johnson	
		Erica Pepler	

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INDIVIDUAL CRITICISMS

Right Wing: E. Ridewood:—A quick and useful member of the team. Centres well, but must not be afraid to take the initiative in the circle. Is gaining confidence in herself.

Right Half: M. Jones:—With practice has become a reliable defence, but could use her speed to more advantage in backing up her wing. Tackles well.

Right Inner: J. Collar:—Has played a good game throughout the year. Passes and receives well but lacks the extra speed and push to get the goals.

Right Back: N. Anderson:—Hits well, but a little more speed is needed when tackling faster forwards.

Centre Forward: T. Castle:—Her speed and initiative were missed very much at the tournament. With more practice and better stick and ball control will make a very useful forward.

Centre Half: Diana Lee, Capt.:—A most hard-working defense. Distributes passes well and backs up her forwards very satisfactorily. Her steady play was missed exceedingly in the tournament.

Left Back: L. Glatz:—A hard-hitting and reliable defense. Has showed very good judgment in her tackling.

Left Inner: N. Grant:—A difficult position to play which she has overcome with perseverance and tenacity. Hitting could be better.

Left Half: J. Buchanan:—Excellent tackling and stick control. Has played a consistently good game throughout the season.

Left Wing: C. Pauline:—Did not have much chance to show her colours, but was developing into a steady and speedy left wing.

Goal Keeper: R. Plant:—A newcomer to this position and showed good judgment and speed in her many excellent saves throughout the matches. A rather more reliable clearing shot would be good.

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SPORTS DAY

This year we held our Annual Sports Day on Thursday, May the twenty-third. We were fortunate in having fine weather for the event, and with the invaluable assistance of Mrs. Cheetham, Miss Tucker and Miss Rosemary Bridgman everything went off very well. Miss Ruth Solly was Recorder. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Bridgman acted as judges.

We set off to a flying start with the usual gruelling obstacle race, first in sacks and then in stocking feet!

To us, the House Relays were perhaps the most exciting events of the afternoon. Caister was the winner of the Senior Relay, with Walsingham second, and Wymondham third. In the Junior Relay, Walsingham was first, Caister second, and Wymondham third.

The cup for the Senior 100 yard dash was won by Terry Castle (Wym.), the Intermediate cup by Annette Cabeldu (Wals.) and the Junior cup by Carroll Butler (Wym.). Annette Cabeldu also distinguished herself by winning the 220 yd. dash and the Intermediate High Jump and Long Jump. Elizabeth Ridewood (Cais.) was the victor in the Senior High Jump and Long Jump, and Carroll Butler won the Junior Long and High Jumps.

The Mother's Egg and Spoon race was won by Mrs. Alan Mayhew, Colonel Braide was first in the Fathers' Event, and the Old Girls' Race was won by Joy Munday.

Towards the end of the afternoon, tea was served for parents and friends in the school, and an exhibition of art and sewing was given in the gymnasium. Afterwards the cups and ribbons were presented to the winners by Mrs. Bridgman. The House Cup was won by Caister, Wymondham was second and Walsingham third. Well done, Caister!

N.H.S. OLD GIRLS ASSOCIATION

The Officers of the Association for this year are:—

President — Miss Joan Willsher

Secretary — Mrs. L. Williams (Gwen Scoby)

Treasurer — Miss Valentine Harlock.

Meetings of the Association are held at intervals during the year at which all Old Girls are welcome.

Miss Riach's death in January of this year brought very great sorrow to all the Old Girls and we felt that we have lost an excellent teacher and a valued friend. Miss Riach took an unfailing interest in the Old Girls and the Association, always being eager to have news of any of us, and in her friendship and cheerfulness we found immeasurable pleasure.

As we felt we would like to show Miss Riach our appreciation of all that she had done for us, we began, last September, to collect donations for a presentation to her with the idea that she could use the money in any way she might like. When she became ill, towards the end of the year, we sent her a Christmas present in the form of a cheque. We received a charming letter of thanks and very shortly afterwards she passed away.

A fund is now being raised for a suggested memorial to her, and the Treasurer, Valentine Harlock, would appreciate donations and suggestions from those who would like to share in this gesture.

All the Old Girls will miss Miss Riach and we shall always remember her for the kindness and thoughtfulness which she bestowed on us.



NEWS OF N.H.S. OLD GIRLS

Aileen O'Halloran has been with the Government of India Information Services in Washington, D.C., and is now in India where she will remain for the next year.

Mrs. Charles Field (Dorothy Campbell) has returned from England and is at present living in Victoria.

Mrs. D. Rice (Joan Sutherland) is living in Rossland, B.C.

Pam Mitchell has obtained her B.A. degree this year from the University of British Columbia with first class honours in History. Pam has been awarded a Resident Graduate Scholarship for \$500 in the Department of History at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania

Iva Lisicka 2nd Class Honours in Third Year at U.B.C.

Betty Lou Horton is doing physiotherapy work at the Jubilee Hospital.

Kythe MacKenzie is now in Australia where she will be married in June to Bill Beaumont who has been with the R.A.F. in India.

Betty Carr is in the W.R.C.N.S. and has been posted to Ottawa and expects to be discharged before the end of the year.

Jane Bolton will enter her third year of training at the Vancouver General Hospital this Fall.

Margaret Izard is Occupational Therapist at the Jubilee and St. Joseph's Hospitals.

Joan Pope has been very active during the past year with the Victoria Little Theatre group.

Mrs. M. Elsdon (Barbara Wells) is at present living in Montreal.

Joan Douglas is leaving in June for New Zealand where she will be married to Len Henshaw, formerly of the R.N.Z.A.F.

Denise Mara is continuing her studies in music in Toronto.

Barbara Morse was working in a war plant and helping on the home farm near Ipswich, England, during the war, and has again taken up the violin and is playing with a symphony orchestra.

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Helen Woodcroft has returned from England and has received her discharge from the R.C.A.F. (W.D.). Helen is hostess at the Shawnigan Lake Hotel for the summer.

Mrs. C. Carmichael (Diana McDowall) is living in Quebec.

Mrs. L. Chambers (Ruth Enke) is living at Ladysmith. Besides bringing up her family of three boys, Ruth is writing radio script for radio station C.B.R.

Joy Munday is studying art in Victoria under Mrs. Ina D. Uhthoff.

Frances Watt has returned from England and has received her discharge from the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) and is now studying at the D.V.A. Vocational School.

Molly Horsfield has received her discharge from the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) and is spending the summer at an Experimental Farm on the Skeena River.

Nancy Shaw and Poppy Davis are taking business courses in Victoria.

Mary Robertson has completed her second year in Household Science at MacDonald College.

Terese Todd has been with the Motor Transport Corps in England, Holland, France, Belgium and has now returned to Victoria.

Mrs. F. C. Hall (Pat Porter) is advertising copy writer for radio station C.J.V.I.

Pat Fitzpatrick has returned from England.

Doreen Arnott and Primmie Adamson have received their discharges on the demobilization of the C.W.A.C. Primmie is now with the Dominion Civil Service.

Joan Forbes is in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) and arrived in Ceylon in December 1945 for service in India. At the end of January she was moved to Hong Kong. During 1945 Joan was working in the Naval and Air Operation Room, their main activities being to send out aircraft to attack enemy shipping and submarines.

Mary Stephens has received her discharge from the Navy, and is entering McGill University in September.

Jo Forbes is at the Military Hospital in Vancouver.

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B. C. ELECTRIC

Priscilla Coulter (Wright) has gone to join her husband in England.

Ann Wheelock (Ridewood) is living in Ottawa.

Ruth Griffiths is training as a nurse in the Middlesex Hospital in England.

Mrs. J. Jukes (Barbara Garrard) is living in Vancouver.

Mary MacWilliam has completed her science course at the University of Saskatchewan.

Hilary Castle is studying medicine at Stanford University in California.

Mary Aylard is at Oregon State College studying Home Economics.

Grace Solly is finishing her nurse's training at the Royal Jubilee Hospital.

Ruth Solly is assisting Mrs. Payne with the kindergarten at N.H.S.

Sheila Stewart has gone to Halifax after completing her second year at Victoria College.

Winona Worsley is training as a nurse at the Royal Jubilee Hospital.

Daphne Syson is working in the Department of Veteran's Affairs.

NEWS OF THE "NEWEST" OLD GIRLS — Matric Class 1945.

Katherine Anderson has received Second Class honours in her first year at Victoria College.

Lavender Allen is attending Victoria College.

Jane Ridewood is with the main branch of the Bank of Montreal, Victoria.

Ann Robertson has completed her first year in Home Economics at MacDonald College. She won the Silver Medal for gymnastics.

Frances Clarke is taking a business course in Victoria.

Mary Marsh has gone to South Africa and is training to be a nurse.

Audrey Harrison has spent most of this year training at the Solarium.

Mrs. Drought has gone to live in Kelowna, now that her husband has returned from overseas.

Miss Clark has spent the past year at Toronto University.

Miss Goldfinch has received her discharge from the W.R.C.N.S.

Miss Rea has also received her discharge from the Wrens. We are glad to hear that she is recovering from the bad accident she had last winter.

Mrs. Hanson (Miss Kirk) has been over to see us several times during the year with her three children.

At the end of last year we were very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Turpin and Miss Wyles.

NEWS OF OUR "EVACUEES"

Elizabeth Fleming has just taken her Higher School Certificate at St. George's School, Edinburgh.

Marion Fleming is taking her School Certificate next year.

Daphne Greenwood has won a scholarship to St. Goderic's Business College, London.

Lesley Key is at Rothesay House School, Edinburgh and hopes to take up a career in art next year.

Rosalie and Sylvia Dunn are at St. Mary's School, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

Mary Adamson is at school in Edinburgh.

Ann Thompson is at school in Birmingham.

Jill Parker is at school at Wycombe Abbey, Bucks.

Patricia Duff is at school in Toronto.

ENGAGEMENTS

Ernestine Haynes to Bernard Milne.

Catherine Corner to Roy Blackwood.

MARRIAGES

Mousseau-Porter:—L. J. Mousseau to Kate Porter.

Harris—Wilson:—Dennis Harris to Gloria Wilson, June 5th, 1946.

Parker-Coleman:—Lieutenant C. R. Parker to Jane Coleman (nee Holland), June, 1946.

Mara-Worsley:—John Mara to Mary Worsley.

BIRTHS

Hoadley Mitchell—To Ruth (nee Horton) wife of A. Hoadley Mitchell, a son, February, 1946.

Lawrason—To Jean (nee Mayhew) wife of G. A. Lawrason, a daughter, March, 1946.

Mousseau—To Kate (nee Porter) wife of L. J. Mousseau, a son, March, 1946.

Horton—To Sue (nee Jones) wife of Mr. Horton, a son, October, 1945.

Bird—To Molly (nee McCallum) wife of J. Bird, a son, October, 1946.

Carmichael—To Diana (nee McDowell) wife of C. Carmichael, a daughter, March, 1946.

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ANNE MARRIOTT

For the last several years Anne has been winning wide fame for her writing, and, to quote an article from the Vancouver Daily Province last year, has now written her way to the top of the literary ladder in Canada.

In 1942 Anne won the Governor-General's Poetry Award with the verse in "Payload", a drama for radio. She wrote for other radio plays before joining the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and in 1943 she toured Canada for the C.B.C. gathering material for a series of school broadcasts on the nine provinces. She is at present working for the National Film Board, Ottawa.

Anne has contributed to over fifty magazines in Canada, England and the United States, including: Poetry, Canadian Forum, Contemporary Verse, Canadian Poetry Magazine, Saturday Evening Post, Saturday Night, New York Times, Dalhousie Review, and Chambers' Journal. In June of last year, a volume of her poetry was published under the name of "Sandstone". It contains selections from her poetry of the last six or seven years, including "The Wind Our Enemy", published in chap-book form in 1939 and commented on by the "University of Toronto Quarterly" as "the most impressive single poem of the year".





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OVERSEAS PARCELS

When H.M.C.S. Restigouche was decommissioned Miss Atkins obtained, through the soroptimist club, an address in Holland to which we might send parcels. Each person undertook to bring either money with which to pay for the postage, or food and clothing to put in the parcels. The girls were very co-operative about things and we collected over thirty dollars towards postage and etceteras. We have sent five parcels so far, one of which has been acknowledged.

In March we were given the address of some orphan children in Chateaudun, France. We have sent them three parcels, but have not heard yet whether they have arrived safely.

The Sixth and Upper Fifth Forms have continued this year to send parcels to Colleen and Margaret Moore. We have had several letters from them as well as a photograph of their small brother.



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Victoria, B.C.

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DAD'S CONFECTIONERY & TEA SHOP

1807 FORT STREET

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POETRY

SAILING

Tacking down Patricia Bay
On a sunny summer day
Beating 'gainst the wind and tide
Keeling over to one side
"Up to the buoy then hard about!"
Cries the skipper with a shout.
At the buoy we turn around,
Slide up the arm without a sound
We're with the wind, but look to port
Is that a calm streak of some sort?
"Let out the mainsail all she'll go!
We'll try to get through without having to row
The wind has gone down and we can't go fast,
The sails are flapping against the mast
But soon we'll be on the other side
And sailing with the wind and tide.
Then round the point we slowly turn
The waves are slapping against the stern
And up to the mooring we soon shall tie
Just in time for a swim when the tide is high.

Erica Pepler.

V Lower.

SUNSET AT SEA

White sails aloft from spotless decks,
Over the blue the vessel glides
While sailors work, just tiny specks,
The graceful craft rides o'er the tides.

Then the sails are gilt with rose,
We bid farewell to gallant "Tryzan"
While a gentle evening ruffle blows,
She slowly melts in a red horizon.

Carolyn Pauline.

IV Lower.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

Light shadows are crossing the valley,
Shades of the winter lingering still;
Mists are mingling with the sunshine,
And life is filled with the strange new thrill
Of an ageless wonder.
The far hills echo, the wild woods ring,
With the glorious song of the coming of Spring.

P. Lloyd

VI Form.

THE HOLIDAYS WILL SOON BE HERE.

The holidays will soon be here.
The happy days of play,
The picnics in the country,
And the flat tires on the way.

E. Oliver

IV Lower

A SERIES OF MISHAPS

Sing a song of expense
And rheumatic joints.
The master having trouble
With the ration points.
The cook has got the measles,
The little boy the mumps.
While I talked to the doctor
The pudding went in lumps.
After doing the dusting
I had to sweep the floor,
And then to clean the windows
With the baker at the door.
I went up stairs to get a nap,
'Twas on the dot of two,
When round came the laundry man,
With a sheet that was torn right through.
The final straw to such a day
Came round at half past three
As I went out to mow the lawn,
A bird flew over me!!!

E. MacKenzie

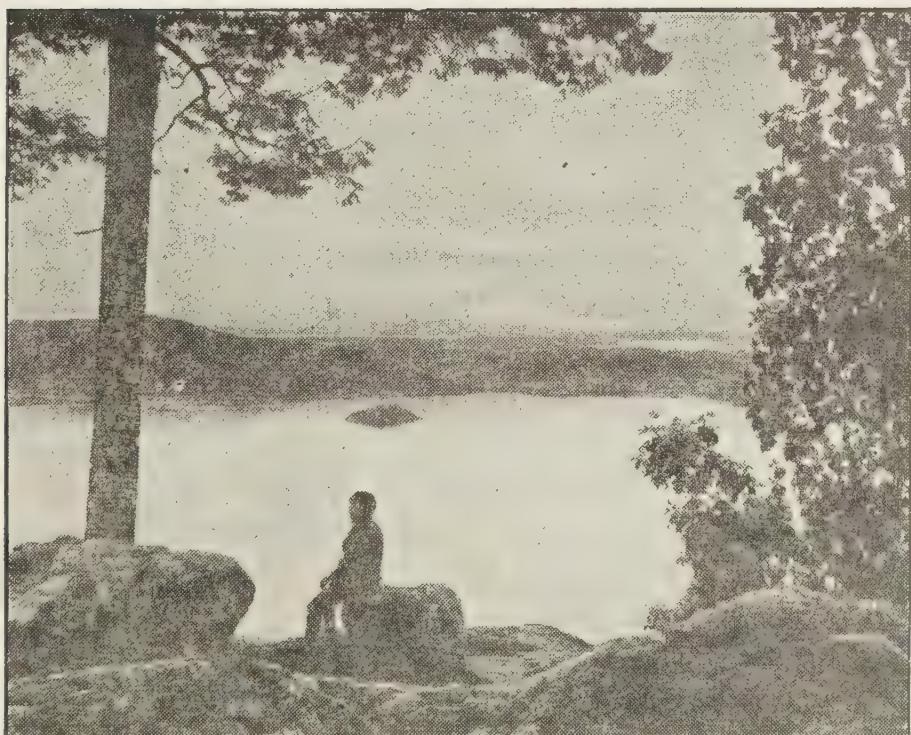
V Upper.

SPRING

Can you not see that spring is here?
With all her beauties, and things so dear.
The birds are back and building their nests,
Sparrows, larks, and robin red-breasts.
The trees are again budding with leaves,
Flowers are out and also the bees.
Oh, what a joyous time is Spring,
When all the birds begin to sing.

S. Waude

IV Lower



NIGHTIME IN THE WOODS.

As the sun sets behind the mountain,
And the shadows of night draw near;
I hear the sound of murmuring trees
Making music for me to hear.

In the distance the screech owl wail,
As they start on their hunt for food;
And then, the croak of the frog,
Sounding so cheeky and rude.

And as darkness gradually falls
And the animal goes to his lair;
I fall asleep in my little bed
Lulled by the music I hear.

N. Anderson
V Lower

A SPRING EVE.

The gracefully arched sky
Sloped to the lush green hills
Where shot with rose and gold
It melted away from sight.

Mirrored in the lake below
The fleecy clouds were seen
Flecked with pastel shades
Of mauve and rose and blue.

In the lovely tableau
Gliding, sliding, gracefully,
My canoe and I were seen
Reflected like the rest.

The colours gradually faded
And the shadow of night to fall,
As the eerie cry of the loon
Echoed from hill to hill.

S. Pauline
V Lower

VEGREVILLE

Vegreville, a little town in Alberta is just another town to most people, but many interesting things happen there, though I, because I live there, take them for granted.

Many of the inhabitants are of foreign extraction; some of them came from the Ukraine, from Poland, and from Russia. When they came to this country many years ago they brought with them the arts and crafts, as well as the customs, of their own people.

Among the arts perhaps the dancing is the most colorful. In their national dances the hues of their costumes are varied and gay, and the full-sleeved blouses are embroidered in intricate designs. They wear numerous strings of beads and bracelets which clink together as they move their arms. Their full peasant skirts swirl around in time to the bewitching rhythms of tambourines and stamping feet. They always supply their own music, as some are gifted musicians.

Some have retained their old art of weaving, and their beautiful work is well-known. They have their own designs, characteristic and attractive as those on their dresses. Beautiful shopping bags made from wool, nearly always from their own sheep, and dyed by themselves are both striking and original in appearance.

These peoples have done much towards furthering the beauties of their community.

Shirley Third
Upper V.



JOE

The cold grey dawn broke through the corner of darkness revealing a grim scene. The landing-barges filled with restless eager men were slowly ploughing through the muddy lagoon, under the cover provided by their guns at sea. Landing-barge 3 hit the beach first, pouring out its precious human cargo.

"Hi! Joe!", shouted Sergeant Tim. "Stick close to me and we'll wipe out together."

Joe did not answer but came close to his pal. Together they stormed that once pleasant beach. Officers were shouting commands and guns were firing in rapid succession. Gradually the troops worked their way into the jungle. Joe watched Tim spot a sniper in a tree, take aim, and fire. Joe had no gun. He was a dispatch bearer, chosen for his stealthiness and general agility. Many times Joe carried reports from his division to the commanding officers, and brought back innumerable orders. That night they dug their fox-holes on the crest of the ridge that had been gained. The lieutenant called Tim to one side.

"Sergeant, you and Joe are ordered to reconnoitre, take two other boys as well. We want you and Joe to go because we believe you'll do a good job."

"Thanks, Sir! We'll leave as soon as we have the necessary things."

Tim returned to the fox-holes, he shouted to two husky privates.

"Hi! Hank! Tom! we're up for patrol duty, come along now lads, step lively."

They travelled stealthily through the jungle, walking as silent ly as possible. Joe was in front, then came Hank, Tom, then Tim.

When they passed the sentry they all crouched flat, slowly drawing themselves along the ground. They continued in this manner for nearly an hour, their positions had altered slightly. They were now in the form of a baseball diamond, Hank and Tom being in the positions of 1st and 3rd. Suddenly Tim, moving forward, bumped into Joe's stiffened body, he looked at what Joe was staring at. What he saw made him stiffen also, but he tapped his rifle once, the signal for halt, arranged before-hand. In a moment Hank and Tom had closed in to ask what had been seen. Tim pointed ahead, they looked and saw. Through

the trees ahead was a stream, on the other side moving quietly, several squat shadows were wading silently into the water. Tim sent Joe flying softly back to H.Q. with a message. He reached his destination safely and rushed up to the lieutenant with his message.

"Good work Joe. I'll take this to the C.O. for an answer."

Joe waited restlessly. At last the lieutenant returned, giving him an answer. When Joe was nearing the place where he had left his pals, he heard shots and yells. Some premonition spurred him on faster, at last he reached Tim, but he was hurt. He looked at Hank and Tom and realized at once that they were dead.

"Joe," cried Tim, "Go back boy, you can't fight! Back boy!" Joe stared at Tim, he seemed to be sleeping. Tim had ordered him back, well back he'd go, but with Tim. Joe caught hold of Tim's jacket and he pulled. It was slow going, Tim was heavy and absolute silence was necessary. So intent was Joe, that he did not see, or even realize, that there was a sniper in a tree he was nearing. All at once he stiffened, a breath of wind had brought the smell of smoke to his sensitive nostrils. The sniper had also spotted Joe, he fired, Joe rolled over a bullet lodged in his foot. The sniper slowly came down from the tree to see what he had done. Joe saw all this, he bided his time, and then he sprang into the enemy. The sniper had a knife he tried to use, Joe bit his hand, the sniper fled up his tree. For another hour Joe pulled Tim along, it was painful now because he could not use his right foot properly. At last he spotted the outpost sentry, he hobbled up to him and asked him to follow. Joe led the unwilling sentry to Tim's still form. The sentry picked Tim up and started back to his outpost commander, Joe trailing behind. Suddenly Joe stiffened, he had seen another sniper, he threw himself against the sentry sending him sprawling. The sniper fired at the same time, the bullet hit Joe.

The men were lined up solemnly in their ranks for the burial service. Joe was buried the same as any other soldier, under a neat white cross. Tim received the medal that had been posthumously awarded to Joe. The citation read as follows:

"For devotion to duty. This war-dog served courageously in the ranks and files of his countrymen."

Julie Collar
Upper IV.

A U T O G R A P H

AUTOGRAPH

